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*THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE*



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

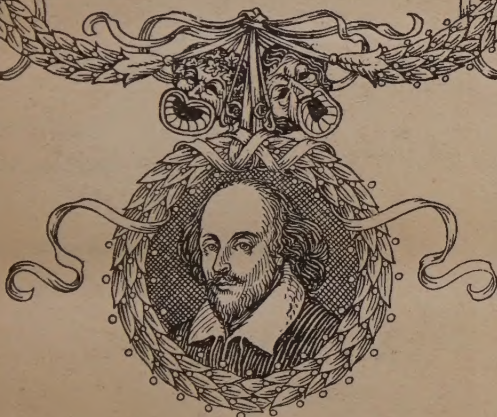


F. P. STEPHANOFF. PINXT.

Katharina.

SHAKESPEARE

THE TAMING OF
THE SHREW



1908

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INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—We change from Portia, the graceful, wise, and witty, perfect woman, we change from the tender friendship of men, to Kate the curst, who is hell; to Petruchio's coarse, rough ways. At first there seems hardly a link between the two plays; yet there 's a self-surrender of a woman in each; but how different is its cause! There 's the adventurer's spirit in both Bassanio and Petruchio, though with the contrast of the feeling, hardly to be call'd friendship, of Hortensio to Petruchio, with the devoted love of Antonio to Bassanio. There are rival wooers to Bianca as for Portia, and the scene is still Italy, though this is due to the adapter of the old play of *A Shrew*, who changed it from Athens. It is difficult to feel certain about the position of the play, for its links with *The Comedy of Errors* seem strong. First: Kate is like the shrew Adriana, shrewish from neglect. Her sister Bianca is somewhat like Adriana's sister Luciana. Second: Kate's wife's-subjection doctrine is just like that of Luciana in the *Errors*, Act II. sc. i. Third: The threatend death of the

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Pedant on coming to Venice, Act IV. sc. ii., is like the death decreed to the Syracusan coming to Ephesus in the *Errors*, Act I. sc. i. Fourth: The farcical beating of Grumio, &c., is like that of the Dromios; and Grumio's "Knock me," &c., is like Dromio's. But still with the Shrew-links that I have already named, and the further ones with *Henry IV.* of Hotspur's scene with his wife Kate, and the way he avoids and overrides her questions, being so like Petruchio's way with his Kate at their first meeting (compare both with the later beautiful scene of Brutus trusting his Portia in *Julius Cæsar*), of the shrew Kate's spirit in both Hotspur himself and his wife, the likeness of Prince Henry's madcap humours to Petruchio's—though both men have themselves entirely in hand, and have a purpose through all their acting;—and lastly, the kinship of Grumio's wit and humour with those of Falstaff, make me believe, for the present at least, that *The Shrew* is rightly placed between *The Merchant* and *Henry IV.*, Part I. This place is confirmed by the ryme test, though the stopt-line test makes Shakspeare's part of the play his earliest work.¹

¹ The doggerel and word-play suggest an earlier date than 1596-7, but the play's similarity to *Much Ado* suggests a later one, as does the lord's instructions to the players, which are like Hamlet's. The actual results obtained by the application of the stopt-line test show that the 'adapter' used the unstopt line oftener than Shakspeare, the former's proportion being 1 in 12-68, and the latter's 1 in 22-31. (See *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.* 1874, p. 110.) *The Shrew* was not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* in 1598. This, said Dr. Nicholson in 1874, should not be made too much of. "It is a peculiarity of Meres," he says, "I believe, unobserved, that he affects a pedantic parallelism of numbers. With hardly an exception, and these not going beyond a difference of one or two, the English names are equalled in number with the ancient or foreign ones, and some art is used to bring this about. In like manner he gives to Shakspeare six Comedies and six (as

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The old play on which *The Shrew* is founded, the *Taming of a Shrew*, was printed in 1594.¹ It was rewritten, but not, as in the case of *John*, entirely by Shakspeare. An adapter, who used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first recast the old play, and then Shakspeare put into the recast the scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio appear. We have thus, as in *Henry VI.*, Parts II. and III., three hands in the completed play: see my division of their work in the *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, p. 106² (102-114). The subject of the play is to us a repulsive one, but the three workers at it have made a capital comic piece out of it. It is the only Shaksperian play with an Induction; and Sly is carelessly left on the stage, and not taken off it, as in the old play. The double plot of the winning of the two sisters is admirably workt, and the stage situations are first-rate. We must recollect the position of women in

he calls them) Tragedies. Now it is possible that in 1597 or 1598 Shakspeare had written exactly six of each, neither more nor less, but it is by no means probable; and when we find Meres eking out the Tragedies with one in which Shakspeare had so small a share as *Titus Andronicus*, we can understand that he might, for uniformity of numbers' sake, have omitted a Comedy which is only Shakspeare's in part." Thus, tho' *The Shrew* is omitted from Meres's list, it should not be taken for certain that the play was not written so early as 1598.—M.

¹ Reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Libr.*, Pt. II. vol. ii. p. 485, with, for the story of the Induction, *The Waking Man's Dream*, from an old story book, and a tale of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, I. iv. 47, from Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607, in Hazlitt, Pt. I. vol. iv. p. 403; and also *The Shrewd and Curst Wife Lopped in Morel's Skin*, p. 415, an old tale of the cure of a shrew. The student must read *A Shrew* and *The Shrew* carefully together, as he must *The Troublesome Raigne and King John*, and 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* with *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*.

² Shakspeare wrote the Induction, II. i. 168-326 (? touching 115-167); III. ii. 125, 151, 240; IV. i. (and ii., Dyce); [V. iii., v. (iv., vi., Dyce), and V. ii. 1-180, with occasional touches elsewhere.

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early times in England. We start in the eighth century—

“A king shall with bargain buy a queen. . . . A damsel it beseems to be at her board (table). . . . A rambling woman scatters words. She is often charged with faults, a man thinks of her with contempt, oft smites her cheek.”—*Exeter Book*, pp. 338, 367.

Every reader of Chaucer remembers the Merchant's wife, “the worste that may be,” who'd overmatch the devil if he were coupled to her; the host's cruel wife, too; and the *Boke of Mayd Emlyn's* opinion of wives—

“For of theyr properte
Shrewes all they be,
And styll can they prate.”

Heywood's *Four P.'s* shows the woman whose temper even the devils in hell couldn't stand, so they sent her back to the earth.

Before 1575 (it is mentiond by Laneham) is “A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin,” a popular poem, in which a man with a shrewish wife, thrashes her till she bleeds, and then wraps her in the salted hide of his old horse Morrell. So the subject of taming shrews was a familiar one to the Elizabethan mind, and no one then would have been offended by Petruchio's likening of the training of a wife to that of a falcon in Act IV. sc. i. p. 106. We must look on Petruchio as a man wanting a hunting mare now, a goer, never mind her temper. He looks at her in the stable: she kicks and bites; he quietly rakes her straw and hay out; lets her stand all night;

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gallops her next day till she can't stand; tames her, and is then in the first flight ever after. Accept this view, and then look at the play. Kate is a spoilt child, strong-willed, spoilt by her father's weakness and her sister's gentleness. She has a genuine grievance, that she, the strong, the mistress-mind, is not to have a husband, while her weak sister is to have one. As she says, Act II. sc. i. p. 63.

"*She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*"

Kate, like all reasonable girls, wants to get married; and though she is not the cooey, turtle-dovey girl that her sister is, who so attracts men, she knows she has that in her which is worthy of a man. She is soured by neglect, and she bullies her sister from envy; old Gremio calls her a devil, and hell. Petruchio comes. She sees he means business, tho' she snaps at him. She sees that he admires her beauty; she is flattered, and minds his opinion when she walks to show him she doesn't limp.¹ She must admire him as the first man who stands up to her and overrules her. She is bewildered by his coolness and assurance too. She had forfeited by

¹ Kate stamps over the stage in vexation, and Petruchio, with his humor of construing all her actions into graces, turns to her immediately and says:

"O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?" &c.

The inevitable result is, of course, that Kate immediately ceases her ill-humored stamping.—M.

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her childish bad temper a woman's right to chivalrous courtesy, and she feels that she has no right to complain of her lover's roughness. As a woman, too, she likes the promise of finery, and she makes up her mind to marry him. Nay, she actually cries when he comes too late. She who has scofft at every one cannot bear the thought that—

“Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.”

To avoid this, Petruchio in any clothes is welcome; and she takes him at once, notwithstanding his outrageous and slovenly dress. She trembles and shakes at his hitting the priest (if he'd do that to God's representative, what wouldn't he do to her?). Having got him, she is to be baulkt of the wedding-feast (cruellest of all blows to a bride). Under the influence of the wedding she is tender at first. “Let me entreat you now; if you love me, stay” (Act III. sc. ii. p. 94). And we almost wish that Petruchio had taken advantage of this tenderness, and tried taming by love. But then we should have lost the best scenes of the play. However, her entreaties are rejected, and she stands up really for the first time for her rights. Now or never: it is her best time, with all her friends around her. Now or never she will struggle for what women most desire, rule over their husbands.¹ And the result is

¹ See Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*; and the marriage of Sir Gawaine, in the *Percy Ballads* (i. 112); and the bequest in the *Wyll of the Deuyll*, “Item, I geue to all women souereygntee, which they most desyre.”—*Jyl of Brainford* (the old spelling of Brentford), &c., ed. F. J. F., Ballad Society.

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not now. Petruchio's drawing his sword and hustling her away, with the further taming on the journey and on reaching home, are most admirably handled, while the first signs of weakness, the humbling of herself to Grumio, the fresh fight again over her clothes (if a woman mayn't choose her clothes, what on earth may she do?), bring the conviction to her that resistance will not pay. The dispute over the sun and moon she evidently treats as fun, and enters into the joke. She has given in once for all, has learnt her lesson. She is convinced of her past folly, and goes through with her task as far on the good side as on the bad before. Why rebel and be tamed again? No sense in that. "Peace it bodes and quiet life," &c. She is a new daughter to Baptista. It is the best result for her time, though Tennyson show'd us a better for our Victorian era in his *Princess*.

Petruchio is like Falconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is.¹ Tho' he declares his object is only to wive wealthily, and Grumio says he'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl they marry and the mare they ride. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-temperd, he will be

¹ Petruchio affected bullyism till his wife was cured, but he was a humorous bully. He evidently believ'd in the old proverb: "Thowe shalte bettyr chastise a shrode [shrewd] wyfe with myrthe, then with strokes or smytynge." (*Proverbys of Howsholde-kepyng. Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, ed. Furnivall, E. E. T. S., 1866, p. 58.) Whatever Katharina saw, however, she didn't see the humor of it—at least, not until her spirit was broken. The "strokes or smytynge" play a much smaller part with Petruchio than with the usual "Tamings" to which shrews were subjected.—M.

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sharper. It's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her ; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty ; promises her finery ; keeps her waiting ; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church ; outs with his sword and makes her go with him ; declares his wife 's his chattel ; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio ; he'll give no choleric food to choleric folk ; in fact he " kills her in her own humour ; " tames her by pretended love ; starves her till she thanks him for meat he 's drest ; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathise with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only " sped." (" Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, " that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman*, and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours : they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

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When I saw the play at the 'Haymarket,' some sixty-five years ago, old Keeley was Grumio, and was certainly the leading character of the play; Mrs. Nesbitt (Lady Boothby) was Kate. The farce and rich humour of the character, the delightful exaggeration of sliding down his body, after a run down his head and neck, the dry humour of his account of the accident, his scene with the tailor (enlarged from the old play), his entering into the humor of his master's taming Kate, make Grumio the finest character in comedy that Shakspeare's hand had yet produced. As for Bianca—the sweet and gentle, whose breath perfum'd the air, who yet had a will of her own, and that ever-Italian love of intrigue—let us note, as in private duty bound, that literature and language beat music, and win the girl. In Baptista, we notice his weakness, his being an old Italian fox, yet taken in for all his cleverness; his base willingness to sell his daughter for money. Lucentio loves at first sight, like Romeo does Juliet, and he cuts out the two older lovers and wins. Though Hortensio finds Petruchio to marry Kate, he yet loses Bianca. He is a straight-forward fellow about love, and cannot stand her flirting.

In the Induction, we notice Sly with his humor, standing between Bottom and Grumio, and with his Warwickshire allusions of Burton Heath and the fat ale-wife of Wincot, while the lord reproduces Shakspeare's love of hounds which we saw in Theseus in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Stories like that of the Induction are those of Abou Hassan, the Sleeper awakend, in *The Arabian Nights*, which is probably

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the remote origin of the story, *The Waking Man's Dream* (see note 1, p. 11), told of Philip the good Duke of Burgundy, and another told of Charles V., in Sir Rd. Barclay's *Discourse on the Felicitie of Man*, 1598. The hints for the intrigue of Lucentio come from Ariosto's *Suppositi*, through George Gascoigne's englishing of it, the *Supposes*, acted at Gray's Inn in 1566, and containing the names of Petruchio and Licio. The comical sham translation of the Latin lesson may have been suggested by a like bit in *The 3 Lords and 3 Ladies of London*, A.D. 1588, pr. 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vi. 500), "*O, singulariter nominativo*, wise Lord Pleasure; *geni'ivo*, bind him to the post; *dativo*, give me my torch; *accusativo*, for I say he's a cosener; *vocativo*, O, give me room to run at him; *ablativo*, take and blind me."

The Shrew was first printed in the Folio of 1623, *A Shrew* in 1594. A Quarto edition of *The Shrew* was printed from the Folio in 1631.

Munro adds: "The characters of the play are conventional characters, familiar to comedy in Italy, France and England. There are the grey old fathers, Baptista and Vincentio, like old Capulet and Montague; the suitors competing for the sweet, gentle Bianca; Gremio, the rich suitor; Grumio the clownish serving-man; and Tranio the servant who impersonates his master. Less conventional are Petruchio, the dashing, jovial bully, and Katharina, the shrew who repels all men from her. These conventional characters, under the hands of the adapter and Shakspeare—principally, of course, the latter—assume a strong individuality which distinguishes them from the class they represent.

The Taming of the Shrew

Is, that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and forward ; so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's
effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman ;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the
humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves or so ; why, that's nothing : an
he begin once, he'll rail in his ropetricks. I'll tell

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you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
grace,

And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.—

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*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised, with
books under his arm*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
together ! Master, master, look about you : who
goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio : 't is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !—

[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well ; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
All books of love ; see that, at any hand ;
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers,
too,

And let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her ?

Luc. What'e'r I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place ;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning ! what a thing it is !—

Gru. O, this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah !

Hor. Grumio, mum !—*[Coming forward.]* God
save you, Signior Gremio !

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca ;

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man ; for learning and behaviour,

Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress :
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me ; and that my deeds shall
prove.—

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.—

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold :
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What country-
man ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange ;

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name :
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chaféd with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled* ; and
BIONDELLO

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be
bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola ?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters :—is 't
he you mean ?

Tra. Even he.—Biondello !—

Gre. Hark you, sir : you mean not her too ?

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir : what have you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No, if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you !

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right, hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he 'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me : in sooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed ;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru., Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's
be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

The Taming of the Shrew

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him

Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Striking her.*

Enter BAPTISTA

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this
insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside :—poor girl, she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

The Taming of the Shrew

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in a mean habit;

PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician;

and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute

and books

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.

God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,

The Taming of the Shrew

Called Katharina, fair, and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.—

Gre. You are too blunt : go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio ; give me
leave :—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your
good sake.

But for my daughter, Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son ;

A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you 'll curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio : pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio ; welcome, good Cambio.—[*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger : may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I
pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report
I know him well : you are very welcome, sir.—
[*To HOR.*] Take you the lute, [*to LUC.*] and you
the set of books ;

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within !

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters ; and tell them both,

These are their tutors : bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HORTENSIO,
LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased :
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands ;
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well
obtained,
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you,
father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo and happy be thy
speed !

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for
winds,

That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look
so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier :
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to
the lute ?

Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to
me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commony a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife,
sit by my side

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am armed
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all;

Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florénce,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.—
Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tran. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks I pray ,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
Music and poesy use to quicken you :
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio; well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile : what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
and HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand
aside

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know ;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

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Gre. [*Aside.*] To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [*To BAP.*] I pray you, sir, is it your will To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear: I wis, it is not half way to her heart; But if it were, doubt not her care should be To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool, And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!—

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.—

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

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And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.—

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak.—

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Content ye, gentlemen ; I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,—
Or, Signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I
not?

What! shall I be appointed hours, as though,
belike,

I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts
are so good, here's none will hold you. Their
love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow
our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our
cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for
the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any
means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein
she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth
us both—that we may yet again have access to
our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's
love—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.—

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing*]. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible,

That love should of a sudden take such hold !

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely ;
But see ! while idly I stood looking on
I found the effect of love-in-idleness ;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
(Thou art to me as secret, and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was),
Tranio, I burn, I pine ; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst :
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touched you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward ; this con-
tents ;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had
That made great Jove to humble him to her
hand
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? marked you not, how
her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air :
Sacred, and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir : if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,

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And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That 's your device.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; for who shall bear your
part,

And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master : then, it follows thus :—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatched, and shall be so.—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my coloured hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, sith it your own pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient
(For so your father charged me at our parting ;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense),

I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.

Enter BIONDELLO

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now?
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I killed a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

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Bion. The better for him ; would I were so too !

Tra. So could I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;
To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me
why,

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.—

[*Exeunt.*

1 Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely : comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ; 'would 't were done !

SCENE II.—Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approvéd friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,
sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:
I'll try how you can *sol*, *fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah!
villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray,

Con tutto il core, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—‘Sirrah, knock me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?'

And come you now with 'knocking at the gate' ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience : I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes further than at home
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife ?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel ;
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—but thou 'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as
we

Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse :
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me,—were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas :
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is : why, give him gold enough and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby ; or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two-and-fifty horses : why, nothing
comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

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Is, that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and forward ; so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's
effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman ;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
her,

And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the
humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves or so ; why, that's nothing : an
he begin once, he'll rail in his ropetricks. I'll tell

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you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
 grace,
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.—

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised, with
books under his arm*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
together ! Master, master, look about you : who
goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio : 't is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !—

[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well ; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
All books of love ; see that, at any hand ;
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers,
too,

And let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place ;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning ! what a thing it is !—

Gru. O, this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah !

Hor. Grumio, mum !—*[Coming forward.]* God
save you, Signior Gremio !

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca ;

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man ; for learning and behaviour,

Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress :
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me ; and that my deeds shall
prove.—

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.—

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold :
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What country-
man ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange ;

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name :
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chaféd with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
 Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Gru.

For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arrived,
 My mind presumes, for his own good and ours

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled ; and*
 BIONDELLO

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be
 bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of Signior Baptista Minola ?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters :—is 't
 he you mean ?

Tra. Even he.—Biondello !—

Gre. Hark you, sir : you mean not her too ?

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir : what have you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No, if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you ?

Gra. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you !

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right, hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown ;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he 'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me : in sooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed ;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru., Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's
be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

The Taming of the Shrew

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him

Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pry'thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Striking her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this
insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside :—poor girl, she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.]

Bap. What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now
I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in a mean habit;

PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician;

and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute
and books

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.

God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a
daughter,

Called Katharina, fair, and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.—

Gre. You are too blunt : go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio ; give me leave :—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter, Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son ;

A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you'll curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio : pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio ; welcome, good Cambio.—[*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger : may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I
pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
[*To HOR.*] Take you the lute, [*to LUC.*] and you
the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,

These are their tutors : bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HORTENSIO,
LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased :
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands ;
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well
obtained,
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you,
father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo and happy be thy
speed !

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for
winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look
so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier :
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to
the lute ?

Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to
me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

The Taming of the Shrew

And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
'Frets call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume
with them:'

And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazéd for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me, 'rascal fiddler,'
And 'twangling Jack,' with twenty such vile
terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-
fited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,
and HORTENSIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be
married.—

But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
hard of hearing :

They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are called plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom ;
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation :—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

The Taming of the Shrew

SCENE I

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that
moved you hither,
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what 's a movable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you
mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take
thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are
too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear
his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so fare-
well.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay,
come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a
craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look
not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aimed of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for
you.

Kath. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'T is with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit : I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and
sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ask-
ance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

The Taming of the Shrew

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly
speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

The Taming of the Shrew

Thou must be married to no man but me :
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father : never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife .

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you
with my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in
your dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now, I promise
you,

You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 't is thus :—yourself and all the
world,

That talked of her, have talked amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity ;
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio : she says she'll see thee
hanged first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay then, good night
our part.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for my-
self :

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you ?

'T is bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 't is incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate !

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices : 't is a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

The Taming of the Shrew

Bap. I know not what to say ; but give me your hands :

God send you joy, Petruchio ! 't is a match.

Gre., Tra. Amen, say we : we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA, severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly ?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you :

'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.

Now is the day we long have lookéd for :

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back : 't is age that nourisheth.

The Taming of the Shrew

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound
this strife :

'T is deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
city

Is richly furnis'héd with plate and gold :
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in.—Sir, list to me :

I am my father's heir and only son :
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
 What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
 My land amounts not to so much in all :
 That she shall have ; besides an argosy,
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
 What, have I choked you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known, my father hath no
 less
 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure
 her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offered all, I have no more ;
 And she can have no more than all I have ;—
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
 world,
 By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;

And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as
old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved.—On Sunday next, you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to Signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
not :

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut ! a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide !
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'T is in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, called—supposed Vincentio ;
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,

The Taming of the Shrew

SCENE I.

Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—A Room in BAPTISTA'S House

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA

Luc. Fiddler, forbear : you grow too forward,
sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine.

The Taming of the Shrew

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice.

I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;

His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune? [Retires.

Luc. That will be never :—tune your instru-
ment.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*,
I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of
Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your
love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes
a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*,
bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might be-
guile the old pantaloon.

The Taming of the Shrew

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. [*HOR. plays.*] O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it :

Hic ibat Simois, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 't is the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

The Taming of the Shrew

Hor. [To LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and
give me leave awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I
must wait,

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*]

‘ Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord,*

A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I :

E la mi, show pity, or I die.’

Call you this gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

The Taming of the Shrew

SCENE TWO

Enter a Servant

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up :
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both : I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant :
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be
forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour ;
And to be noted for a merry man
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—' Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista
too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him
though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*

Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to
weep;

Such injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO

Bion. Master, master ! old news, and such news
as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's
coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news ?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat
and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches thrice
turned ; a pair of boots that have been candle-
cases, one buckled another laced ; an old rusty
sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a
broken hilt and chapeless ; with two broken
points ; his horse hipped with an old mothy

The Taming of the Shrew

saddle and stirrups of no kindred ; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather ; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots ; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him ?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list ; an old hat, and 'The Humour of Forty Fancies' pricked in 't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparelled.

The Taming of the Shrew

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir: I say, his horse comes with him
on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparelled,
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you
frown;

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforcéd to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes.

Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church

Bap. I'll after him and see the event of this.—

[*Exit.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;

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Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio.
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO

Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home ?

Gre. A bridegroom say you ? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he ; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book ;
And, as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,

The Taming of the Shrew

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest :
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamped
and swore

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine :—'A health !' quoth he ; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm :—quaffed off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other reason,

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack

That, at the parting, all the church did echo ;

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming :

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
your pains.

The Taming of the Shrew

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer ;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder : if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence : and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse !

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;
For me, I 'll not be gone, till I please myself.
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee : pr'ythee, be not
angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to
do ?—

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-
mand.—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own.

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She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;
And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon : we're beset with thieves :
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee,
Kate :

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and
GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with
laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly
mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast.—

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Lucentio shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tru. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride
it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S Country House.

Enter GRUMIO

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay ; and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost ; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort for being slow in thy hot office ?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world ?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy ! ho, boy !' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire : for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook ? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept ; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order ?

Curt. All ready ; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How ?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt ; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale ; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and

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beseech listening. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Curt. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale :—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place ; how she was bemoiled ; how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed, that never prayed before ; how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest : let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed,

and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho ! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio ?

Jos. What, Grumio !

Nich. Fellow Grumio !

Nath. How now, old lad ?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ;—what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready and all things neat ?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheath-
ing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and
Gregory ;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exeunt Servants.]

[Sings.] Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and wel-
come.

Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter Servants, with supper

Why, when I say ?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be
merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains !
When ?

*[Sings.] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walk'd on his way :—*

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here ; what, ho !—

Where is my spaniel Troilus ?—Sirrah, get you
hence,

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And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :

[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers ?—Shall I have some water ?

Enter a Servant with a basin and ewer

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave !
Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?
What's this ? mutton ?

1 Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it ?

1 Serv.

I.

Pet. 'T is burnt ; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these !—Where is the rascal cook ?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*]

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You heedless joltheads, and unmannered slaves !
What ! do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet :
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried
away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.]

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her ;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall

not :

As with the meat, some undeservéd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverent care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak : 't is charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress
Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you
read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me
that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your
art !

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart.—

[*They retire.*]

Hor. [*Cominy forward.*] Quick proceeders,
marry !—Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love ! unconstant womankind !
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.—

Hor. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court !—Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigné oath,
Never to marry her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

The Taming of the Shrew

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite
forsworn !

For me, that I might surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA
advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover's blessed case !
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both
forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

The Taming of the Shrew

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;
That teacheth tricks, eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running

Bion. O master, master ! I have watched so long

That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatant, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]

Enter a Pedant

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes
hard.

Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, yes, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renownéd for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

The Taming of the Shrew

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him :
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an
oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;—
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio ,
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
Look, that you take upon you as you should :
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This by the way I let you understand :
My father is here looked for every day
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Taming of the Shrew

SCENE III.—A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.

And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;

As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,

'T were deadly sickness or else present death.

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'T is passing good : I pr'ythee let me have
it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled ?

Kath. I like it well : good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 't is cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then, I will not : you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat, and

HORTENSIO

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amok ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love ; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What ! not a word ? Nay, then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie ! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. *[Aside.]* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
lov'st me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !

Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of

bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

The Taming of the Shrew

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy
leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy.
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the
time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
too;
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to
speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

The Taming of the Shrew

Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true : it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[*Exit Haberdasher.*]

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—come, tailor, let us
see 't.

O, mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?
What's this ? a sleeve ? 't is like a demi-cannon :
What ! up and down, carved like an apple-tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither
cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did : but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—

Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?

Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived: the gown is
made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the
stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. '*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied-gown.'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. 'With a small compassed cape.'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. 'With a trunk sleeve.'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I

commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say : an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir : 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life ! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !

O, fie, fie, fie !

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow :

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich ;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;

And therefore frolic : we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;

And bring our horses unto Long Lane end ;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see ; I think, 't is now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two,

And 't will be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the
sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like
VINCENTIO

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I
call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any
case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your
boy;
'T were good he were schooled.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you :
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at
Venice,

And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to
drink.

Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matched ; and, if you please to like

The Taming of the Shrew

No worse than I, sir, upon some agreement
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed ;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true is it, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made at once, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
know best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you
know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :
There doth my father lie, and there this night

The Taming of the Shrew

We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here ;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—That, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you
home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happenéd :
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my
heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
goné.—

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome : one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant*, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio !—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here

behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To the church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be

ready to come, against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I
doubt ?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Public Road

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO

Pet. Come on, o' God's name : once more toward
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon !

Kath. The moon ! the sun : it is not moonlight
now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so
bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crossed, and crossed; nothing but
crossed!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so
far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed
sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress

[*To VINCENTIO.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress:
where away?—

The Taming of the Shrew

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh
and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode ?
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ? I hope thou art
not mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed
me,

My name's Vincentio ; my dwelling, Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father :
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved : she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio ;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your
pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest,
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA,
and VINCENTIO.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart.

Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward
[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO's House

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA ; *GREMIO walking on the other side*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is
ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello ; but they may chance to
need thee at home : therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your
back ; and then come back to my master as soon
as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house :

My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go.

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within ; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window

Ped. What 's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio, within, sir ?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself : he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir ?—to leave frivolous

The Taming of the Shrew

circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest : his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To VINCENTIO.*] Why, how now, gentleman ! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Bion. I have seen them in the church together : God send 'em good shipping !—But who is here ? Mine old master, Vincentio ! Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me ?

Bion. Forgot you ? no, sir : I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[Exit from the window.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below: BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman

by your habit, but 'your words show you a mad-man. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio

Ped. Away, away, mad ass? his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

The Taming of the Shrew

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be conyatched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.
—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;

The Taming of the Shrew

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive
us all!

Vin. Where is that damnéd villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's
love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wishéd haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have
sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [*To LUCENTIO.*] But do you hear, sir?
Have you married my daughter without asking my
good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you:
go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this vil-
lainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

Gre. My cake is dough ; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast

[*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What ! art thou ashamed of me ?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid ; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate : Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in LUCENTIO'S House

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow; TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others attending

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word
were true.

The Taming of the Shrew

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss
my sense :

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round.

Pet. Roundly replied

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio
that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her
tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that,
good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round' :—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a
shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

The Taming of the Shrew

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt ? and hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and
horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened
you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me ; therefore, I'll
sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not ; since you have
begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my
bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior
Tranio ;

This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not :
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O sir, Lucentio slipped me, like his grey-
hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself :
'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio ! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess ;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maimed you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no : and therefore, for
assurance,

Let each one of us send unto his wife ;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ! 't is done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer ?

Grè. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*

Pet. O ho ! entreat her !
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

The Taming of the Shrew

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come?
O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,

I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA

Bap. Now, by my halidome, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

The Taming of the Shrew

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet
life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and
happy ?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !

The wager thou hast won ; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;—

Another dowry to another daughter ;—

For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not :

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it
down.*

Wid. Lord ! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too :
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-
time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking : we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall :—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind
brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair
buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
 And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
 I am ashamed, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts ?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms,

The Taming of the Shrew

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word and frown for frown ;
But now I see, our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
pare,—

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready ; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench ! Come on, and kiss
me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou
shalt ha't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing, when children are
toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are
froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'T was I won the wager, though you hit the
white ;

And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. *[Exeunt.]*



NOTES

Induc. i. p. 22. Go by, Jeronimy : go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.—Hackneyed phrases from the soliloquies of Jeronimo, the hero of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, the most ridiculed work of the Elizabethan age.

Induc. i. p. 24. When he says he is . . .—*i.e.* When he says that he is lunatic still, since he, a tinker, fancies himself a lord, persuade him that he is indeed a lord, who has been obsessed by the mad idea that he is only a tinker.

Induc. i. p. 27. With declining head into.—With head declining into (a common transposition of words).

Induc. ii. p. 29. Burton Heath . . . Wincot.—Probably Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire; and Wilnecote, a village near Stratford-on-Avon.

I. i. p. 38. To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool.—An old phrase occurring in the *Merrie Tales* frequently referred to by Shakspeare: 'Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii footed stoole.'

I. i. p. 39. Put finger in the eye—*i.e.* Weep foolishly, after the manner of children.

I. i. p. 40. Their love is not so great, &c.—The love between Katharine and her father Baptista. Gremio surmises that Katharine will so conduct herself that her father will ultimately allow Bianca to marry in spite of his present decision, and that the time will not be of unendurable length.

I. i. p. 40. Our cake's dough.—'Our game is up.'

I. i. p. 41. Happy man be his dole !—May it be his lot to be a 'happy man'! A common phrase frequently quoted by Shakspeare.

I. i. p. 42. **Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.**—‘Redeem thyself, O captive, for the least sum thou canst.’ A phrase quoted from Terence in Lyly’s *Latin Grammar*.

I. i. p. 42. **The daughter of Agenor.**—Europa, to win whom Jupiter transformed himself into a bull, and carried her off on his back, which she mounted when he kneeled before her on ‘the Cretan strand.’

I. ii. p. 48. **Con tutto il core, ben trovato.**—With all my heart, well met.

I. ii. p. 48. **Alla nostra, &c.**—Welcome to our house, my much-honoured sir.

I. ii. p. 48. **Two-and-thirty,—a pip out.**—Intoxicated; a phrase derived from the game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty; a ‘pip’ being a spot or mark on a card.

I. ii. p. 50. **Florentius’ love.**—Alluding to Knight Florent, the hero of a famous mediæval riddle-story in Gower’s *Confessio Amantis*, in which Florent, who had committed murder, was promised his life on the condition that he answered the question, ‘What women most desire?’ A hideous old woman offered to solve the enigma for him, provided he promised to marry her. He accepted the condition; and on the completion of the marriage she became young and beautiful. Chaucer in his *Wife of Bath’s Tale* has taken the same plot.

I. ii. p. 52. **Throw a figure in her face.**—Disfigure her face, make a ‘sight’ of her.

I. ii. p. 56. **You mean not her to . . .**—Gremio apparently intended to say ‘woo,’ but is prevented by Tranio’s interruption.

II. i. p. 61. **Dance bare-foot on her wedding day.**—Alluding to the old custom for elder unmarried sisters to dance without shoes at a younger sister’s wedding.

II. i. p. 61. **Lead apes in hell.**—The proverbial fate of old maids.

II. i. p. 69. **In good time.**—The phrase was used ironically as well as sincerely (*cf.* Fr. *à la bonne heure*).

Notes

II. i. p. 72. **Keep you warm.**—Alluding to the saying, 'If he have wit enough to keep himself warm' (quoted in full in *Much Ado*, I, i., p. 22).

II. i. p. 78. **Faced it with a card of ten.**—Outwitted you by playing my *ten* with the effrontery of a 'picture' card.

III. i. p. 80. **Hic ibat Simois, &c.**—From Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*, a letter from Penelope to Ulysses:

'This, Simois; that, the Sigeian land;
And there did Priam's lofty palace stand.'
(Rhymer's Translation.)

III. ii. p. 86. **Humour of forty fancies.**—Probably a collection of short poems.

IV. i. p. 96. **Cast on no water.**—Alluding to the refrain of a popular old song:—

'Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth,
Fire, fire, fire, fire:
Cast on some more water.'

IV. i. p. 96. **Winter tames man, woman, and beast.**—The words of a popular proverb ran:—'Wedding and ill-wintering tame both man and beast.'

IV. i. p. 101. **'Where is the life that late I led' 'It was the friar of orders grey.'**—Fragments from two old ballads. The former is quoted several times by Shakspere. (*Cf.* 2 *Henry IV.*, V., iii., p. 167.)

IV. i. p. 103. **It engenders choler.**—A property proverbially ascribed to dried or burnt meat.

IV. i. p. 104. **Kill a wife with kindness.**—A proverbial expression which suggested the title of Thomas Heywood's most effective play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1602).

IV. iv. p. 124. **Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.**—'With exclusive privilege to print,' a Latin phrase formerly inscribed on books, here applied to 'the exclusive rights of marriage.'

IV. iv. p. 124. **Married in an afternoon as she went for parsley to stuff a rabbit.**—This is no joke, but

Notes

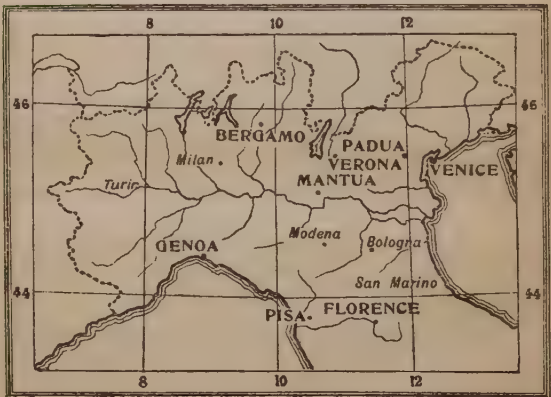
what might easily—and no doubt did frequently—happen in Shakspeare's day, when troth-plighting followed by copulation was considered as good as marriage. See an actual case of the kind, between the Rev. Jn. Cotgreve, of St. Peter's, Chester, and Alice Gidlow, in my *Child Marriages* (E. E. Text Soc., 1897), pp. 50-51.—F. J. F.

V. i. p. 135. **Supposes.**—Pretenders. A noun derived from Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi* under the title of '*The Supposes.*'

V. ii. p. 146. **Hit the white.**—Hit the centre of the target. Figuratively used for *Bianca* = white.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY



GLOSSARY

Adversaries: opposing counsel. II. i. p. 59.

Advice: consideration, reflection. I. i. p. 40.

Advised: "art thou not —," did you not observe? I. i. p. 43.

Affied: betrothed. IV. iv. p. 122.

Aglet-baby: a small figure forming the tag of a lace or 'point' used to support the hose. I. ii. p. 50.

Aimed: guessed. II. i. p. 71.

Amort: dejected. IV. iii. p. 112.

Ancient: former. Induc. ii. p. 30; long tried. I. ii. p. 49.

And all one: it's of no consequence. IV. ii. p. 110.

Angel: "ancient —," colloquialism for 'a good old soul,' 'a worthy old fellow.' IV. ii. p. 108.

Anna: sister and confidante of Dido during Æneas' wooing. I. i. p. 42.

Antick: buffoon. Induc. i. p. 26.

Apply: apply myself to, study. I. i. p. 36.

Argosy: a merchant vessel. II. i. p. 77.

Arms: a play upon (1) the ordinary and (2) the heraldic sense of the word. II. i. p. 70.

Arras counterpoints: tapestry counterpanes. II. i. p. 76.

Assurance: marriage settlement in legal form. II. i. p. 78.

Awful rule: veneration of authority. V. ii. p. 143.

Baccare!: a cant term for 'Retire!' 'Go back!' probably coined in ridicule of those who ignorantly affected Latin phrases. II. i. p. 63.

Balk logic: 'chop logic,' balk one proposition with another. I. i. p. 37.

Balm: bathe, anoint. Induc. i. p. 24.

Basta: enough (*Ital.*). I. i. p. 44.

Bate: flutter the wings. IV. i. p. 104.

Bear-herd: keeper of a tame bear. Induc. ii. p. 29.

Bears: lies. V. i. p. 136.

Bears me fair in hand: gives me seeming encouragement. IV. ii. p. 105.

Beholding: beholden, obliged. I. ii. p. 59.

Belike: presumably. Induc. i. p. 25.

Be-mete: be-measure. IV. iii. p. 116.

Bemoiled: bemired, bedaubed (*Fr. mouillé* = dabbled). IV. i. p. 98.

Ben venuto: "I shall be your —," I will stand sponsor for your welcome. II. i. p. 59.

Bestraught: distracted. Induc. ii. p. 29.

Bias: a term in bowls for a bowl so weighted on one side as to swerve in a particular direction when thrown. IV. v. p. 126.

Bill: with a pun upon *bill* = a pike or halberd. IV. iii. p. 118.

Bleared: beclouded, deceived. V. i. p. 135.

Board: woo. I. ii. p. 51.

Books: 'good books,' favour (with play upon 'roll' or 'list' of heralds). II. i. p. 70.

Boot: "no —," useless, un-availing. V. ii. p. 146.

Glossary

- Boot-hose** : stockings for wearing with top-boots. III. ii. p. 86.
- Bossed** : embossed. II. i. p. 76.
- Bots** : worms that infest horses. III. ii. p. 86.
- Bottom** : the centre on which the thread was wound. IV. iii. p. 117.
- Brach** : female hound. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Brach Merriman** : *Brach* is probably an error; a verb is required, and *trash*, *leech*, *bathe*, *breathe* (all meaning 'restrain' or 'rest') have been proposed. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Brave** : showily dressed. Induc. i. p. 23.
- Braved** : adorned, arrayed (with punning allusion to 'dared,' 'defied.') IV. iii. p. 117.
- Bravery** : finery. IV. iii. p. 118.
- Braves** : taunts. III. i. p. 79.
- Breathed** : in full career. Induc. ii. p. 30.
- Breeching** : liable to be flogged. III. i. p. 80.
- Buckler** : shield. III. ii. p. 94.
- Bugs** : bugbears, bogies. I. ii. p. 56.
- Burst** : broken. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Buttery** : a room for keeping provisions and liquor, but having a 'bar.' Induc. i. p. 26.
- Buz** : equivocation on 'be,' bee; an exclamation to silence a prosy talker. II. i. p. 69.
- Buzzard** : (1) simpleton; (2) a degenerate hawk; (3) "takes a —," takes a hawk for a turtle-dove; to which Petruchio, reverting to his first simile, retorts that she is a wasp—another *buzzing* insect. II. i. p. 69.
- Carousing** : drinking healths. III. ii. p. 91.
- Carpets** : table-covers. IV. i. p. 97.
- Cates** : dainties, choice delicacies. II. i. p. 68.
- Censer** : a brazier used to burn perfumes. IV. iii. p. 115.
- Chapeless** : without a chape, i.e. the metal part of a scabbard, particularly applied to the cap protecting the sword-point. III. ii. p. 85.
- Checks** : stoical discipline. I. i. p. 36.
- Circumstances** : details. V. i. p. 131.
- Cock's passion** : corruption of the oath, 'God's passion.' IV. i. p. 100.
- Commonty** : Christopher's blunder for 'comedy.' Induc. ii. p. 35.
- Compassed** : round (as though drawn with a compass). IV. iii. p. 117.
- Conceit** : design. IV. iii. p. 118.
- Conditions** : "soft —," gentle qualities. V. ii. p. 145.
- Contrive** : spend, while away. I. ii. p. 59.
- Conycatched** : tricked. V. i. p. 134.
- Cony-catching** : trickery. IV. i. p. 97.
- Copatain hat** : steeple-crowned hat. V. i. p. 132.
- Countenance** : welcome. IV. i. p. 99.
- Coxcomb** : the ornament on a fool's cap. II. i. p. 70.
- Crab** : crab-apple. II. i. p. 70.
- Crack-hemp** : one 'born to be hanged.' V. i. p. 131.
- Credit** : show respect to. IV. i. p. 99.
- Cuillon** : base fellow. IV. ii. p. 106.
- Cunning** : skill. Induc. i. p. 26; accomplished. I. i. p. 39; II. i. p. 62.
- Curious** : scrupulous. IV. iv. p. 122.
- Curst** : shrewish. I. i. p. 43.
- Curtsy** : formerly both sexes used this form of respectful salutation. IV. i. p. 99.
- Custard-coffin** : the raised crust of a custard. IV. iii. p. 115.
- Cytherea** : Venus. Induc. ii. p. 31.
- Denier** : a coin of very small value. Induc. i. p. 22.

Glossary

- Diaper**: a fine linen towel. Induc. i. p. 24.
- Digress**: diverge (from his promise). III. ii. p. 88.
- Domineer**: have an orgy. III. ii. p. 93.
- Eleven and twenty**: an unexplained allusion. IV. ii. p. 108.
- Embossed**: covered with foam. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Encounter**: greeting. IV. v. p. 128.
- Fair**: in grand style. II. i. p. 60.
- Fair befall**: good fortune attend. V. ii. p. 143.
- Farthingales**: hoops for distending the skirts. IV. iii. p. 113.
- Fashions**: 'farains,' a kind of leprosy in horses. III. ii. p. 86.
- Fault**: "coldest —," almost complete loss of the scent. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Fay**: faith. Induc. ii. p. 32.
- Fear**: frighten. I. ii. p. 56.
- Fears**: is afraid of; taken by the widow to mean 'frightens.' V. ii. p. 138.
- Few**: "in a —," in brief. I. ii. p. 49.
- Fives**: a disease of the glands under the ears. III. ii. p. 86.
- Fool**: a professional jester. I. i. p. 38.
- Foul**: ugly, repulsive. I. ii. p. 50.
- Frets**: stops on the finger-board of the lute. II. i. p. 66.
- Fretting**: spoiling, wasting. II. i. p. 76.
- Full**: exactly. I. i. p. 44.
- Furniture**: dress, outfit. IV. iii. p. 119.
- Galliasse**: large three-masted galleys, for rowing or sailing. II. i. p. 77.
- Gamut**: the scale. III. i. p. 82.
- Gawds**: ornaments, finery. II. i. p. 59.
- Gentles**: gentlemen. III. ii. p. 87.
- Give you over**: leave you. I. ii. p. 51.
- Gogs-wouns**: corruption of 'God's wounds,' an oath. III. ii. p. 90.
- Good shipping**: pleasant voyage. V. i. p. 131.
- Grace**: a kindly service. I. ii. p. 52.
- Gramerclies**: 'many thanks' (Fr. *grand merci*). I. i. p. 37.
- Gratify**: reward. I. ii. p. 59.
- Green**: fresh, new, with allusion to the custom of greasing boots before setting out on a journey. III. ii. p. 93.
- Grisel**: alluding to patient Griselda of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*. II. i. p. 74.
- Haggard**: a wild untrained hawk. IV. i. p. 104.
- Haled**: dragged forcibly away. V. i. p. 134.
- Half-checked**: incomplete, or broken. III. ii. p. 86.
- Halidcme**: 'word of honour.' V. ii. p. 142.
- Halt**: go lame. II. i. p. 72.
- Hand**: "at any —," in any case. I. ii. p. 53.
- Hap**: good fortune. I. ii. p. 58.
- Happily**: haply, perhaps. IV. iv. p. 122.
- Have to**: away to. IV. v. p. 129.
- Have to't**: compete again for the prize. I. i. p. 41.
- Hilding**: menial, low creature (an abusive epithet). II. i. p. 60.
- Hungerly**: scantily. III. ii. p. 91.
- Hurly**: hurly-burly. IV. i. p. 104.
- Husband**: thrifty, economical housekeeper. V. i. p. 132.
- Husbanded with modesty**: kept within bounds. Induc. i. p. 24.
- Indifferent**: equally. I. ii. p. 54; proper, ordinary. IV. i. p. 99.
- Ingenious**: profound. I. i. p. 36.
- Ingrate**: ungrateful. I. ii. p. 59.
- Intend**: pretend. IV. i. p. 104.
- Jacks**: leathern drinking-vessels. IV. i. p. 97.

Glossary

- Jade**: worthless horse. I. ii. p. 58; II. i. p. 69.
- Jealous**: suspicious. IV. v. p. 129.
- Jills**: metal drinking-vessels. IV. i. p. 97.
- Joint-stool**: a folding chair. II. i. p. 69.
- Jolthead**: blockhead, dolt. IV. i. p. 103.
- Jump**: accord, coincide. I. i. p. 43.
- Junkets**: dainties. III. ii. p. 94.
- Kate**: punning on 'cat'; formerly the two words were pronounced nearly alike. II. i. p. 73.
- Kennel**: gutter. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Kindly**: welcome. Induc. i. p. 22; naturally. Induc. i. p. 24.
- Knack**: knick-knack, trifle. IV. iii. p. 114.
- Lampass**: a swelling of the gums in horses. III. ii. p. 86.
- Laying on**: wagering on. V. ii. p. 144.
- Leda's daughter**: Helen of Troy. I. ii. p. 57.
- Leet**: court of the manor, before which those accused of using false weights and measures were tried. Induc. ii. p. 32.
- Lewd**: vile. IV. iii. p. 114.
- Lie**: stay, lodge. IV. iv. p. 122.
- Link**: a torch made of a pitch-ball enclosed in a cap of iron bands, with which old hats were blackened and passed off as new. IV. i. p. 100.
- Longly**: longingly, intently (? for so long a time). I. i. p. 42.
- Lovely**: loving. III. ii. p. 89.
- Lure**: a stuffed bird used in falconry for training hawks. IV. i. p. 104.
- Lusty**: lively, vigorous. II. i. p. 67.
- Maidenhead**: maidenhood. III. ii. p. 93.
- Malt-horse**: brewer's horse; used contemptuously as typical of lumbering clumsiness. IV. i. p. 100.
- Man**: tame. IV. i. p. 104.
- Mart**: bargain. II. i. p. 75.
- Meacock**: timorous, spiritless. II. i. p. 74.
- Meaner**: of lower rank. I. i. p. 44.
- Mercatant**: merchant. IV. ii. p. 108.
- Merest loss**: "cried upon it at the —," found the scent when it seemed absolutely lost. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Merry passion**: burst of merriment, amusement. Induc. i. p. 26.
- Mess**: course. IV. iv. p. 123.
- Mew up**: shut up. I. i. p. 89.
- Mi perdonate**: pardon me; by your permission. I. i. p. 86.
- Mose in the chine**: a wasting disease of the spinal marrow (*chine* = spine). III. ii. p. 86.
- Moved**: in anger. V. ii. p. 144.
- Napkin**: handkerchief. Induc. i. p. 27.
- Near-legged before**: 'foundered' in his fore-feet. III. ii. p. 86.
- Neat**: ox. IV. iii. p. 111.
- News**: "what's the —?" what's the meaning of this? I. i. p. 45.
- Nice**: trivial, unwise. III. i. p. 82.
- Of**: during. Induc. ii. p. 82.
- Old**: such, extraordinary, outrageous. III. ii. p. 85.
- Orchard**: garden. II. i. p. 65.
- Other**: others. I. ii. p. 52.
- Over-eyng**: witnessing. Induc. i. p. 26.
- Packing**: plotting. V. i. p. 185.
- Pain**: labour, daily toil. III. i. p. 79.
- Pantaloon**: a doddering old man (the name of the conventional fool of old Italian comedy). III. i. p. 80.
- Papers**: 'note' (list) of books. I. ii. p. 53.
- Parle**: parley, discussion. I. i. p. 40.
- Pass**: legally secure to her. IV. iv. p. 122; transact. IV. iv. p. 123.

Glossary

- Passing** : extremely, surpassingly. Induc. i. p. 24; heartily. II. i. p. 65.
- Peat** : pet. I. i. p. 39.
- Pedant** : schoolmaster. IV. ii. p. 108.
- Pedascule** : pedant, a schoolmaster. III. i. p. 81.
- Pheese** : thrash, scourge, 'pay (you) out.' Induc. i. p. 21.
- Pittance** : meal, diet. IV. iv. p. 123.
- Plash** : pool. I. i. p. 36.
- Points** : tagged laces for supporting the hose. III. ii. p. 85.
- Porringer** : a bowl. IV. iii. p. 114.
- Port** : outward style. I. i. p. 44.
- Practise** : play a trick. Induc. i. p. 23.
- Prefer** : send, present for my approval. I. i. p. 39.
- Preposterous** : used in the strict sense of 'one who misplaces or inverts the due order or succession of things.' III. i. p. 79.
- Present** : immediate. IV. iii. p. 111.
- Presently** : immediately. IV. iv. p. 123.
- Prevented** : forestalled. V. ii. p. 139.
- Pricked in't** : stuck in it. III. ii. p. 86.
- Pricks** : incites. III. ii. p. 86.
- Proceeders** : playing upon the technical term '*proceed*' = to take an academic degree. IV. ii. p. 106.
- Proper** : handsome. I. ii. p. 53.
- Qualnt** : fine, dexterous (used ironically). III. ii. p. 90; elegantly designed. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Quantity** : diminutive scrap. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Rated** : driven out by scolding. I. i. p. 42.
- Rayed** : soiled. III. ii. p. 86; IV. i. p. 95.
- Refused** : Grumio's blunder for 'abused.' I. ii. p. 47.
- Rehearsed** : recounted. I. ii. p. 52.
- Respecting** : compared with. V. ii. p. 139.
- Rests** : remains. I. i. p. 46.
- Ring** : the prize. I. i. p. 41.
- Ropetricks** : tricks that deserve hanging; Grumio's word for 'rhetoric.' I. ii. p. 51.
- Roundly** : directly, without ado. I. ii. p. 49; roughly. III. ii. p. 93; without ceremony. IV. iv. p. 125; straightforwardly, with a play on '*round*.' V. ii. p. 138.
- Rudesby** : rude fellow. III. ii. p. 84.
- Ruffling** : rustling ostentatiously. IV. iii. p. 114.
- Sadness** : "good —," all seriousness. V. ii. p. 140.
- Scrivener** : public writer. IV. iv. p. 123.
- Sealed quarts** : quart pots sealed with an official guarantee of the measure. Induc. ii. p. 32.
- Seize thee** : let them have thee. III. i. p. 83.
- Sessa** : probably a cry of encouragement to a runner. Induc. i. p. 21.
- Sharp** : has a keen appetite. IV. i. p. 104.
- Sheathing** : having a new sheath fitted. IV. i. p. 100.
- Sheer** : unmixed, pure. Induc. ii. p. 29.
- Shoulder-shotten** : with dislocated shoulder. III. ii. p. 86.
- Shrewd** : evil-tempered. I. i. p. 43.
- Simple** : foolish. V. ii. p. 145.
- Sith** : since. I. i. p. 44.
- Skills** : matters. III. ii. p. 89.
- Skipper** : irresponsible fellow. II. i. p. 75.
- Sops** : wafers or cakes floating in the wine. III. ii. p. 91.
- Sorted to no proof** : fruitlessly taken. IV. iii. p. 113.
- Soud** : a word imitating the exclamations of a person heated and fatigued. IV. i. p. 101.
- Spavins** : a hard excrescence on the hock. III. ii. p. 86.

Glossary

- Specialties:** specified clauses in the contract. II. i. p. 65.
- Speed:** succeed. I. ii. p. 58.
- Spleen:** regarded as the seat of laughter as well as of evil humours. Induc. i. 28; capricious ill-humour. III. ii. p. 84.
- Staggers:** an equine form of apoplexy. III. ii. p. 86.
- Stale:** laughing-stock, probably with allusion to 'stale-mate' in chess. I. i. p. 33; bait, decoy. III. i. p. 90.
- Stand:** stand out against, thwart. I. ii. p. 52.
- Stead:** aid, avail. I. ii. p. 58.
- Still:** continuously. IV. i. p. 104.
- Stock:** stocking. III. ii. p. 86.
- Stomach:** quibbling on 'appetite' and 'choler.' IV. i. p. 102.
- Stoop:** obey; a technical term in falconry for swooping upon the prey at the hawk's bidding, the evidence of a thoroughly tamed hawk. IV. i. p. 104.
- Suits:** respects. Induc. i. p. 26.
- Swayed:** curved (owing to over-strain). III. ii. p. 86.
- Sweeting:** properly a delicious kind of apple; used as a term of affection. IV. iii. p. 112.
- Swinge:** lash. V. ii. p. 142.
- Ta'en:** made, announced. I. ii. p. 52.
- Tall:** bold, fine. IV. iv. p. 121.
- Taller:** stouter, sturdier. IV. i. p. 95.
- Tender:** care for, tend. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Thirdborough:** constable. Induc. i. p. 22.
- Toy!** jest, absurdity. II. i. p. 78.
- Trick:** contemptible trifle. IV. iii. p. 114.
- Trot:** hag. I. ii. p. 50.
- Trunk sleeve:** large padded sleeve. IV. iii. p. 117.
- Twink:** twinkling. II. i. p. 74.
- Unapt:** unfitted. V. ii. p. 145.
- Uncase:** disrobe (applied to the outer garments and to armour). I. i. p. 44.
- Undertake:** assume. VI. ii. p. 110.
- Unpinked:** lacking eyelet holes. IV. i. p. 100.
- Untoward:** unmannerly. IV. v. p. 129.
- Usurp:** assume. Induc. i. p. 27.
- Yail your stomachs:** abate your pride. V. ii. p. 146.
- Velure:** velvet. III. ii. p. 86.
- Velvet dish:** colloquial expression for a kind of flat velvet cap worn by ladies. IV. iii. p. 114.
- Vied:** proffered in competition, a term from the card game of Primero, for the wagering of one 'hand' against another. II. i. p. 74.
- Waning age:** age in which beauty is declining. Induc. ii. p. 31.
- Wants:** are wanting. III. ii. p. 94.
- Watch:** keep from sleep (the practice in taming hawks). IV. i. p. 104.
- Well seen:** proficient, accomplished. I. ii. p. 52.
- When:** a common exclamation of impatience. IV. i. p. 101.
- Widowhood:** widow's jointure. II. i. p. 65.
- Wis:** I wis, truly, indeed. I. i. p. 38.
- Wish:** recommend. I. i. p. 40; I. ii. p. 49.
- Woodcock:** popularly supposed to be a brainless bird. I. ii. p. 54.
- Workmanly:** with such fine art. Induc. ii. p. 31.
- World:** "a—to see," wonderful to see. II. i. p. 74.
- Xantippe:** Socrates' wife, the proverbial shrew. I. ii. p. 50.
- Yard:** a wooden yard-measure. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Yellows:** jaundice. III. ii. p. 86.
- Yet:** still, even now. Induc. ii. p. 31.



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